THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION Magazine.

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Original Papers.

THE RIGHT-HEARTED TEACHERS OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

BY OLD FATHER THAMES.

THOUGH I delight to honour all who are engaged in the education of youth, yet have I an especial respect for all Right-hearted Teachers of Ragged Schools, call them Superintendents, Masters, Teachers, or what you will. Their avocation is peculiar, and to me they appear entitled to peculiar sympathy. I say right-hearted teachers, because it is possible to enter, even on this field of usefulness, with infirmity of purpose. The heart is deceitful above all things, nor is the teacher of a Ragged School exempt from its countless delusions. He, unless he look steadily to the Strong for strength, and to the All-wise for wisdom, will mingle with his better resolutions more selfish motives and less creditable ends.

> Go on, thou bearer of a heavy load,
> For thou hast entered on a rugged road
> Of flinty obstacles and thorny cares;
> Take with thee, then, my blessing and my prayers!

The superintendent, or right-hearted teacher of a Ragged School, is a study for a reflective mind. Look at him as he winds his way through the narrow streets and alleys that lead to the school, after it has been opened only a time or two, bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things, and enduring all things. There is no one to herald his approach. No one to gladden his heart with a welcome. On he goes to his battle-field, to wage an unequal, yet determined and unyielding warfare with juvenile ignorance, thoughtlessness, wilfulness, and depravity.

As he draws nearer the scene of his labours, he passes through closer streets and a denser population; low, crowded lodging-houses, dwelling-places of destitution, abodes of infamy, filthy odours, vicious language, and sights of obscenity, are around him, and some of the disorderly gossips among the wretchedly attired women, and many of the idlers among the squalid, half-clad boys, call after him jeeringly. Even those he is going to serve are forward to hold him up to derision. This is but the fit vestibule to the temple of discord—the miry avenue to the Augean stable he is about to enter. Go on, strong in thy righteous purpose,

> Thou patient struggler, where no wealth is made,
> Nor glory won—thou hero in the shade!

He now enters the uninviting stable-like school-room, with its ragged roof and broken windows, that has been fresh white-washed to cleanse it, and give it an appearance of decency. Not a penny has been laid out that could have been withheld—and here he meets with a few Samaritans, like himself, two or three sober-minded young men, and two or three modest-looking young women. A few arrangements are hastily made. The desk has already been set up on the stage, and the few benches which have been provided are placed to the best advantage. Now the time for opening the school has arrived —now comes the "tug of war!"

Voices are heard and laughter; a few ragged lads come bawling and tumbling into the room, eloquent in low slang, and ready at an impudent repartee. "You must take off your tile, Tom," says one; "I wish you may get it," is Tom's reply, putting the tip of his thumb to his nose, and spreading out his fingers. Others arrive; nay, they come fast, not so much to learn as to enjoy the lark. The school is nearly filled; the boys are divided from the girls, and a disorderly kind of order is obtained.

An attempt is made at prayer, but the name of the Most High excites but little reverence. Some repeat the sentences spoken, in mockery, some crow like cocks, some mew like cats, and the prayer of necessity is abandoned. An effort is made to teach, but tobacco smoke is puffed into the school, and crash goes a window-pane. One cries, "Go it again," while another asks if they are "got together to learn to break windows?"

A lull has taken place, and there is a prospect of amendment; but, alas! it is but a deceitful calm, for every attempt at continuous teaching is interrupted. A hymn is given out, but hardly have they sung a line before a bold, brazen-faced lad, in a sailor's jacket, takes from his pocket a tobacco-box, puts a quid in his mouth, and gives out a verse of some ribald song, in which he is joined by many of the boys and a few of the girls. The superintendent is earnest and affectionate, and again a modified order is restored.

All at once the sailor lad breaks out into open rebellion. He is calmly reasoned with, but this being in vain he is ejected, when, in another minute, a stone comes crashing through the window at the head of the superintendent, followed by another, and the enraged

young rebel stands in the yard swearing aloud, with a brick-end in his hand, waiting an opportunity of revenge.

The teaching, such as it is, goes forward, for some of the scholars of both sexes are orderly, and try to restrain their ruder companions, but incessant interruptions take place. A bare-legged lad whistles aloud with his fingers, another calls for "a pot of beer," while a third offers to be good and learn his lesson if any one will give him a copper.

And now comes a serious outbreak—a quarrel, nay, a fight, between two girls, scratching, tearing, and striking one another. Their faces are disfigured, their dresses are torn, but a ring is made round them by some of the most unruly boys, who encourage them to "die game." The superintendent calmly, but energetically interferes, and the more outrageous of the two combatants is sent away. Hardly is quietude restored, before a furious entry is made by the enraged mother of the dismissed girl, who, rushing forward with half-a-dozen others, almost as much excited as herself, clamour aloud, and shake their fists at the conductor of the unruly establishment. Loud and long is the strife, and disgraceful the words and deeds of the infuriated intruders; but the superintendent pours the oil of gentle persuasion on the raging flood of passion that prevails, and the half-appeased party retire.

And now a short address having been given, an almost ejaculatory prayer offered up, and the assembled scholars dismissed, the superintendent takes his leave—prayerful, hopeful, at least not hopeless, and inwardly resolving to double his diligence at a throne of grace, that he may more and more abound in humility, meekness, patience, faith, and perseverance in the important enterprise he has undertaken. Yes, and he will win his way. Strengthened by Almighty power, and upheld by Everlasting arms, he will yet be more than conqueror. Light shall spring out of the darkness, and order out of the chaos around him, and many of that rebellious and impious throng shall call upon the name of the Lord.

It appears to me that the thing the most wanted for the prosperity and success of Ragged Schools, is a more general *practical* sympathy for the destitute and depraved; sympathy of another kind is "plenty as blackberries."

There are two ways of climbing Ben Nevis, and Old Father Thames has achieved them both. The one way is, after putting on, in your own snug, quiet habitation, a loose coat, and slippers easy to the foot, to recline gently in a soft, sofa-like chair, to close your eyes, and to ascend the monarch mountain in imagination. By this method you may secure the finest weather, the best company, and the fairest views, while you altogether escape wet feet in crossing the swampy ground, sharp-pointed rocks, and a thousand twinges in the legs and loins.

But though the *imaginary* ascent has all these advantages, the more common and vulgar way of climbing up the mountain in *reality*, has one advantage worth all these put together. It is this. You have after your actual descent a sense of satisfaction, which, in the former case, you cannot experience—a consciousness of having achieved an

enterprise of difficulty and danger. Your thoughts take a loftier range, your emotions assume a higher grade than before, and you feel, as it were, that you have taken out a patent of nobility, of which the whole world cannot deprive you.

It is just the same with regard to philanthropy, as it is in ascending Ben Nevis, for you may practice it ideally as well as really. To feel sympathy for the children of want and crime, to visit Ragged Schools, and assist them with a handsome subscription, all in fancy, is, no doubt, an easy and agreeable mode of being benevolent; but, with all its advantages, it will never impart to you any secret satisfaction, nor confer that patent of nobility of which I spoke. No! no! Let what you do be done in reality. He who gives away a penny is a truer philanthropist than he who only promises a pound. It is a better deed to pick up a ragged child that has fallen in the mire, than in imagination only to reinstate a deposed monarch on his throne.

Oh that I could open the eyes of such as see not the beauty and blessedness of Christian charity—charity to the body and to the soul; for then it would be easy to open their hearts and purses in behalf of every benevolent cause. Heartily do I desire that all who live thoughtlessly, negligent of the claims of humanity, and all who die "wickedly rich," may be forgiven, but I cannot help believing that such as guiltily forego their opportunities of doing good are in league against their own peace. One glance at the much enduring, much achieving, right-hearted teachers of Ragged Schools, one might think, would be enough to redden their cheeks with shame.

Some time ago I took up my pen to give a sketch of the return home of a poor sailor lad, a runaway, who committed an error one unhappy hour that he had to sigh for through many a succeeding year.

> "His erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
> And found no pity when it err'd no more."

As I think the sketch not unlikely to excite sympathy towards the youthful many who err and suffer, I will here introduce it. Let the poor runaway speak for himself.

"Well! here am I, after my night's walk, once more in the village where I was born. The sun is up now, and shining brightly. Things appear the same, and yet different. How is it! There was a big tree used to stand at that corner; and where is Carver's cottage?

"Three days ago I landed at Portsmouth. It was on my birthday. For ten long years have I been sailing about on the sea, and wandering about on the land. How things come over me! I am a man now; but for all that I could sit down and cry like a child.

"It seems but as yesterday since I ran away from home. It was the worst day's work that I ever did. I got up in the morning at sun-rise, while my father and mother were asleep. Many and many a time had I been unkind to my dear mother, and undutiful to my father; and the day before he had told me how wrong it was of me. He spoke kindly and in sorrow, but my pride would not bear it. I made up my mind to leave home. What is it that makes me tremble so now?

"My father coughed as I crept along by his door, and I thought that I

heard my mother speak to him; so I stood a moment, with my little bundle in my hand, holding my breath. He coughed again. I have seemed to hear that cough in every quarter of the world.

"When I had unlocked the door my heart failed me, for my sister had kissed me over night, and told me she had something to tell me in the morning. I knew what it was; she had been knitting me a pair of garters to give me on my birthday. I turned back, opened the door of her little room, and looked at her; but my tears fell on the bed-clothes, and I was afraid it would wake her. Half-blinded, I groped down stairs.

"Just as I had gently closed the door, the casement rattled above my head. I looked up, and there was my mother. She spoke to me, and when I did not answer she cried out loud to me. That cry has rung in my ears ever since; ay! in my very dreams.

"As I hurried away, I felt, I suppose, as Cain felt when he had murdered his brother. My father, my mother, and my sister had been kind to me; but I had been unkind to them, and in leaving them thus I felt as if I was murdering them all.

"Had I been a robber I could not have felt more guilty. But what do I say that for? I was a robber. I was robbing them of their peace. I was stealing that from them that the whole world could not make up to them; yet on I went. Oh that I could bring back that hour!

"The hills look as purple as they did when I used to climb up them. The rooks are cawing among the high elm trees by the church. I wonder whether they are the same rooks! There's a shivering comes over me as I get nearer home. Home! I feel that there's no home for me.

"There is the corner of the hedge and the old seat, but my father is not sitting there. There is the patch of ground that my sister called her garden, but she is not walking in it. And yonder is the bed-room window; my mother's not looking out of it now. That cry! that cry!

"I see how it is. They are none of them here, or things would not look as they do. Father would not let the weeds grow in this fashion, nor the thatch fall in; and my mother and my sister never stuffed that straw through the broken panes.

"I'll rap at the door, any how. How hollow it sounds! Nobody stirs. All is as silent as the grave. I'll peep in at the window. It's an empty house, that's clear. Ten long years! How could I expect it to be otherwise? I can bear hard work, and hunger, and thirst, but I can't bear this!

"The elder-berry is in blossom as it was when I ran away, and the woodbine is as fresh as ever, running up to the window that my mother opened to call after me. I could call after her now, loud enough to be heard a mile, if I thought she would hear me.

"It's of no use stopping here! I'll cross the churchyard, and see if the clerk lives where he did; but he wouldn't know me. My cheek was like the rose when I went away, but the sun has made it of another colour. This is a new gate. How narrow the path is between the graves! it used to be wider, at least I thought so; no matter! The old sun-dial I see is standing there yet.

"The last time I was in that church my father was with me, and the text was, 'My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother,' Prov. i. 8. Oh, what a curse do we bring upon us when we despise God's holy word!

"My uncle lies under the yew tree there, and he had a grave-stone. Here it is. It's written all over now, quite to the bottom; '*In memory of Humphrey Haycroft.*' But what is the name under? '*Walter Haycroft!*' My father! my father! and '*Mary, his wife.*' Oh! my mother! and

are you both gone? God's hand is heavy upon me. I feel it in my heart and soul!

"And there's another name yet, and it's freshly cut, '*Esther Haycroft, their daughter, aged* 24.' My father! my mother! and my sister! Why did not the sea swallow me up when I was wrecked! I deserved it. What is the world to me now! I feel, bitterly feel, the sin of disobedience; the words come home to me now: 'The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it,' Prov. xxx. 17.

"But yet I recollect how my dear father and mother used to point me to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. 'There is no refuge beside,' said my mother; 'Christ is able and willing to save.' I paid but little attention to these words once; oh! may I never forget them now."

THE ARAB OF THE CITY,

BEING THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LONDON THIEF.

CHAPTER IV.

SPIVENS' GANG; OR, THE THIEVES' FRATERNITY.

THE forms of evil which spring up and are permitted in our social system are alike monstrous and appalling. Inherent vice—because uncared-for and uncontrolled—is found drifting, day by day, on the surface of society, into vagrancy of vast extent and vilest habits, which, by continuous accumulations, soon stagnates into a pestilential deposit, that forms the prolific spawn-bed of our general wretchedness and crime.

Villany of every kind is essentially gregarious; it cannot endure to live alone, and, therefore, it escapes equally from reflection and exposure by fleeing into crowded scenes, where it may entrench itself in the society of congenial natures, and secure a refuge and defence against all law in its own guilty confederacies. "The evil spirit which walks through dry places, seeking rest and finding none, goes forth and takes to itself seven worse spirits, and the last state of that man is worse than the first."

Our large cities, which form a ready receptacle for crime, also rear it into its most fearful combinations and system—where men, wicked in character and reckless of consequences, congregate to plot vengeance against society which has proscribed and punished them, criminal enterprise becomes marked by consummate skill, and grows bold in systematic wickedness. The adept in sin educates the novice into expert violations of law. Ingenuity, sharpened by necessity into quickest invention, becomes fertile in expedients for perpetrating crime or escaping its punishment; while the most abandoned natures, leagued in unholy conspiracy against their species, mutually incite each other to an adventurous villany, which would disorganize society if it did not bring signal destruction on its perpetrators. It is well that the virtuous members of our community are unconscious of the volcanic evils that often smoulder in society at their feet; it would disturb their repose, and create public panic. Nor is it easy to know how these organizations of vice are to be prevented or suppressed. Our well-regulated system of police cannot reach the evil, or at least, like watchers in game preserves, it only thins the stock which it guards from extinction. Among the many moral means which are at present in operation, EXPOSURE is likely to prove by no means unimportant in breaking up the organized gangs of metropolitan criminals; for you

certainly destroy crime so soon as you track it to its den, and unmask its odious secrecies.

For this purpose, the following details of one of the most extensive and nefarious confederacies of thieves that has ever infested London, are submitted from the revelations of one of its own members:—

I now thought of stopping altogether in London. I had been knocking about for two years, when I fell in with a few "chaps," (lads,) who used to visit the Smithfield pens, which forms the beginning of the history of a set of fellows, better known as "Spivens' Gang."

There were about six or eight *chaps*, who used to snooze in the dark arches which are opposite to the Adelphi Theatre. They lead down to the river side, and there was in these arches a place called "Jenny's Hole," a kind of sewer or arch, that would hold about twenty inmates. Here the lads used to put straw, and for two or three years used to steal down at nights to sleep. But they did not lead a very quiet life, as the police sometimes surprised them, when they would get a month's imprisonment for it, many of them having been seven or eight times committed for this offence. These lads were called "snoozers." Then, at the same time, there were a lot of "chaps" that used to frequent the London Unions for night-quarters, always residing in London, and numbering from twenty to thirty persons. In addition to these, there were the country vagrants, who would stay in London for a month or two in their rounds. These formed the separate classes that used to frequent the pens for pilfering purposes. For several months no name was given to them, but the gang soon got acquainted, from following the same pursuits and frequenting the same haunts. We used to visit, in concert, the few unions that were then open; and on one occasion, a number of the *chaps* were pelting the door of West Street Union with stones, when the porter asked who did it, and it was answered, "Spivens," meaning the slang name of one of the party. From that time we were generally called Spivens' Gang; a few, indeed, named themselves Joe Blake's Gang, and there was a lad who went among us by the name of Spriggin, with whom a few associated, so that they were called Spriggins' Gang; but, from the former cause, we were best known by the first appellation.

We mustered at first about one hundred persons; of whom only from twenty to twenty-five were from twenty-seven to thirty years of age, the rest were only from sixteen to twenty. We were a dissolute, resolute set of fellows, who neither feared God nor regarded man. I do not think there was one of us who had not been in *quod* (prison)—this, indeed, was reckoned an honour; and so thoroughly were we sunk in every vice and crime, that we supposed ourselves to have as good a right to the property of others as the proprietors. We were bound closely together, so that one member of the gang who would not help another in an emergency was accounted a coward, and scoffed and kicked at by the others. We had a regular captain, whose (slang) name was "Taglioni;" he was greatly respected by us; he had no equal for mirth, and for pluck (courage) none could excel him, so that we were always happy to be in his company, and to fulfil his devices. We had our regular rendezvous, first at "Dirty Dick's," in Long Lane, and afterwards in Brewer's, "a fence," (receiver of stolen goods,) whose "crib" was in Golden Lane, where we refreshed ourselves with meat and drink, sung obscene and abominable songs along with females as abandoned as ourselves, instructed the younger members systematically in prigging (stealing,) concerted robberies, washed and valued "snotters" (handkerchiefs,) and disposed of them, besides the other practices of a nefarious and abandoned fraternity.

For nearly four years the gang existed, and continued to increase, until it numbered upwards of one hundred and fifty persons. Many sons of respectable parties have been persuaded by us to rob their parents, and run away from their homes; these have since been transported, or have led an abandoned life ever since. Few have ever, to my knowledge, returned home to be reformed; many have returned only to rob their homes over and over again; and this I could prove by referring to facts and parties, now under my eye every day, beside my own present residence in London. I refrain throughout this narrative from giving real names, lest I should wound the feelings of respectable persons, whose sons or near relatives were seduced into our abandoned courses. We were all known to each other by nick-names, which we regularly used when taken up, lest our real names should get into the newspapers, and discover us to our friends.

As our numbers increased, so did our crimes and daring. Many acts of villany on a grand scale were at this time planned and perpetrated by us. Among others, nearly sixty of us agreed forcibly to enter a certain baker's shop, near to Watling Street, and to gut it of its contents. This shop lay in the road of the gang, as they were going to St. George's in the Borough, for night-quarters, and our numbers were sufficient to repel any force that might oppose us. On arriving at the place, we entered it, knocked down the mistress, and rifled the counter and window of all the tarts, buns, cakes, etc., while one or two leaned over the counter, and took the money out of the till; the rest meanwhile were employed in blocking up the door, and secreting the spoil. At last the police made their appearance, but amidst the tumult, and noise, and pushing, we all got clear off, with the exception of six, who were taken, tried at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to be twice whipped, and imprisoned for four months. Thus ended this daring exploit. Another of a similar nature was attempted near to Fleet Street, in which about twenty of the gang took bread from a shop, with which they got clear off. Such was the extent of our criminal and reckless misconduct.

At this time several of us used to go "cat and kitten hunting," that is, pint and quart pot stealing. Many of us were very successful at this game. I have known a whole string of pots brought into Dirty Dick's at a time, which the poor pot-boy had been gathering, and had only left for a moment on the front rail, while he descended to an area to fetch others up, but which mysteriously vanished in the interval.

Others of us, again, used to watch the cheesemongers' baskets at the West End, and when an opportunity offered, we would extract the lumps of bacon and pounds of butter. Sometimes a baker's basket would fall in our way, and I have known the basket and bread all taken together and sold. Occasionally, also, some of us used to visit bacon shops, and take a supply off the outside flaps; this we called "sawney-hunting." Others were employed in picking pockets, or, as we would have called it, "stuke buzzing." Thus we contrived to live by a variety of methods, but they were all of them of the most dishonest kind.

When our gang was in its full strength, we became a terror to the neighbourhood of our haunts, and were fearless of any force that could be brought against us. Frequently we have paraded the streets, while waiting for the overseer of the unions, until crowds collected, and the shops were shut under dread of a riot. When we were found together, no policeman would or could interfere with us. In the city, the police knew us well; and we were so familiar with their persons, as to give nick-names to many of them. "Fat Back," "Fish Guts," "Long One," "Dark One," etc., were the names by which we knew them, and they knew their own nick-names as well as we did.

Thus were we a terror to society, and a curse to ourselves, filling the earth with violence, and following, with systematic devotedness, the paths of the destroyer.

CHAPTER V.

THE DISPERSION OF THE GANG, AND FATE OF THE FRATERNITY.

It was impossible that this confederacy of evil spirits could long continue its guilty combination. The corrupt causes which formed it into its foul alliance, and organized its laws, produced also its early dismemberment and dissolution. There is a corrective power in providence which makes evil, when it cannot work its own cure, at least secure its own destruction. It exhausts itself by its own violence, or explodes by the compression and force of its own excessive wickedness; and thus we have to bless God, that while he permits society to be scourged and corrected by the crimes which spring from its own neglect, yet he restrains and destroys these crimes by the weight of their own punishment—just as the thunder-cloud, which is formed of evil elements, and carries death in its bosom, is dispelled by its explosion, which purifies the whole surrounding atmosphere.

The history of "Spivens' Gang" is full of painful interest and instruction, but we leave "the Arab" to submit his own statements and statistics.

The existence of our gang was destined. Our captain, Taglioni, was taken ill, and died in a few days at Kensington workhouse. After this the gang had no leader, though several wanted to assume the leadership, yet they lacked what our late captain had—"pluck;" but just before his death Long Tom seceded from the gang, and three or four others, which constituted the beginning of a new gang, styled the "Independent Gang," which, after our captain's death, was considerably strengthened by seceders from our gang. But I forgot to mention, soon after our admission at Brewer's, our captain made a club, for each member of the gang to pay one penny a week into a fund, for the purpose of having a regular "dinner" in a "slap-up" way. This occasioned a dispute between Long Tom and the few others that joined him, and then they set up the new gang; but after his death, the money was drawn, and spent in purchasing boxing gloves; the doing so caused a great dispute among us. But now another blow against our "gang" was the death of Brewer, the host. By the fever which some of us had brought into his house, he and his child died, and his wife closed the shop: this was at Easter, 1842. What were we now to do? We had no rendezvous at all. St. George's in the Borough closed its doors against us; so did our favourite place, Bermondsey workhouse; they would admit no more. A great many left London and took a tour into the country. Myself, and five or six more, came to live in St. Giles's "Rookery;" several went to live in Mint Street, Borough; several returned home; others soon after got transported, and many others got into work, and a few enlisted for soldiers, where several have been promoted, and are an honour to their country. The following is a list of our gang, and shows how many have enlisted, died, or been "lagged," (transported,) and those in work. It comprised about 150 persons:—

1 Taglioni ... ... Dead	5 St. Helena (a black) ... Dead
2 Captain Grant ... ... „	6 Somerset ... ... „
3 Bob Handpump ... „	7 Black Harry ... ... „
4 Happy Jack ... ... „	8 Joe the Stoker ... ... Not known

9	Long Bill	Not known
10	Lord Mayor's Kitchen Tongs...	"
11	Blacksmith	At work*
12	Fairy Boy	" *
13	H—— Man	" *
14	Bill Rednight	" *
15	Doughy	——
16	Will Bowers	Not known
17	Tommy Lucifer... ...	At work*
18	Irish Mike...	Lagged
19	Sall	Soldier
20	Nineteen	At work
21	Sore-eyed Manchester	"
22	Manchester	"
23	Bristol	——
24	Little Bristol	At work*
25	G—— eyed Bristol ...	——
26	Oxford	Not known
27	Little Oxford	"
28	Nottingham	Lagged
29	Jerry	Soldier
30	Little Jerry	——
31	Magpie	At work*
32	Brummey	——
33	Long Tom	At work*
34	Soupy...	——
35	Bandbox	——
36	Liverpool	Not known
37	Jack from Reigate ...	"
38	White Coat	——
39	White-headed Bob ...	At work*
40	Black Bill	Not known
41	Hairy Cap	"
42	Greeney	——
43	George Young	Soldier
44	Irish Jack	Not known
45	Irish Tom	At work*
46	Pirate of the Isles ...	Lagged
47	Sam Argent	"
48	Peter Marten	Soldier
49	Councillor	"
50	John Bull	At work
51	Peter Warren	Soldier
52	Will Hall	——
53	Sewey Colson	At work
54	Happy	——
55	Humpy	At work
56	Spriggins	Sailor
57	Puppey	——
58	Harry Brown	Lagged
59	Tom Walker	At work
60	Harry Thornton ...	"
61	Bass Hayes	——
62	Bass Tenton	Lagged
63	Little Bass...	At work
64	Daniel Good's Bass ...	Not known
65	Big Bass	——
66	Sailor	At work
67	Jack Farrier	——
68	Harry Nuton	——
69	Yorkey	At work
70	The Young Cock ...	"
71	Big Velvet Coat ...	——
72	Little Velvet	At work
73	Pigeon	"
74	Joe H——t	"
75	Geo. Lloyd	Lagged
76	Splinter Bar	At work
77	Nammow	"
78	Silly Joe	——
79	Spivens	Not known
80	Long Dog	At work*
81	Nelson Lee...	——
82	Curley Jack	Lagged
83	Tom Holmes	Soldier
84	Lankey	"
85	Long Stafford	——
86	Little Stafford	——
87	Bill P——e	——
88	George S——n	——
89	Navvy Sam	At work*
90	Little Greeney	Soldier
91	Joe Macrow	Lagged
92	Young Thornton ...	Not known
93	Little Browney	"
94	Little Yorkey	"
95	Bogie...	——
96	P——y	——
97	Red Rover...	Not known
98	Dick B——r	——
99	Elephant	——
100	Worcester	——
101	Tom Lance	Not known
102	Dirty Breeches	"
103	Jem B——r	At work*
104	Tommy Roundhead ...	Not known
105	Tom Landers	"
106	Goniff...	——
107	Leather Apron	Not known
108	Eaves	"
109	Little Eaves (his brother)	"
110	Joe Collier...	"
111	Little German	"
112	Chip of the Old Block	"
113	Frogly	"
114	Young Dunn	——
115	Blind Joe	——
116	Turpin	Not known
117	Little Snob	"
118	Molyneux	"
119	Bill K——t	——
120	Bob B——d	At work
121	Greenacre	Not known
122	The Baker's Friend ...	"
123	Roper...	"
124	Carrots	"
125	Jem Pring	"
126	Bumblefoot	"
127	Jack Ward...	——

128	Brickey	——	
129	Pastry-cook George ...	At work*	
130	King of the Kids ...	Not known	
131	Kensington	"	
132	Bush	——	
133	Gipsey	——	
134	Little Gipsey	——	
135	Charley Ford	——	
136	George C——n	——	
137	Jack D——d	——	
138	Mouthy	Not known	
139	Cut Lip Shiney	"	
140	Jack Sheppard	"	
141	Jamaica Jack	"	
142	Sailor Dick	——	
143	Cut Lipped Navvy ...	Not known	
144	Bill Field	"	
145	Bill Birch	"	
146	Bill U——n	——	
147	Long Mike...	Not known	
148	Jem Major...	"	
149	Shrimps	"	
150	Old Farrier	"	
151	Tom Mutton	"	
152	Harry L——r	——	
153	Billy Hampshire ...	Soldier	
154	Old Man	"	

Those names with the asterisk * denote that they get their living by selling in the streets.

ANALYSIS OF THE ABOVE:—

Dead	7
Transported	9
In regular employment	16
Soldiers	11
Sailor	1
Get a living in the streets	15
Do not know what has become of them	51
Living by improper means	44
Total	154

Those names that have no mark what they are doing, are those of persons who are living by the most improper means, thieving, smashing, and other nefarious practices. Thus was our gang abolished; but yet, though parted from each other, still the majority launched into greater crime, till at last nine were transported for different periods. By referring back to the list of names, No. 46, a man called by us Pirate of the Isles, killed one policeman, and disabled three others for life by a "neddy," (a life preserver,) at a skirmish on Saffron Hill, about three years ago. He got fifteen years' transportation. Then another, named George Lloyd, No. 75, with Irish Mike, No. 18, were transported; each got ten years' transportation. Another, Harry Brown, got ten years for smashing; besides others, who have had successive imprisonments, from one month up to two years each. Many of our gang, I am sorry to say, have been from three to twenty times in prison; but I am also happy to say that, through Divine mercy, five or six of us have been enabled to leave off our nefarious habits, and through the instrumentality of that kind missionary, Mr. Jackson, several have been urged to seek the forgiving mercy of an offended God, whom we have, by so many years of evil doing, justly displeased, and merited all that we got—imprisonments, troubled consciences, loss of character, loss of friends—so that we were reduced, in many instances, to starvation. It is painful to contemplate the depths into which sin has drawn us; our blasphemies, and our utter disregard of truth or honour. We were sunk into the lowest scale of degradation that it was possible for a human being to be placed in. I have often felt a dread, when we were cursing and swearing, and singing our profane and obscene songs, which were our own composition, that we should be swallowed up in the room, or the roof fall on us. But now, blessed be God, I trust that some of us are sincerely seeking the Lord. We have tried the ways

of sin, and found they were rugged, and full of all that is miserable; but now we are resolved, by the grace of God, to follow the opposite course. Many of us are wishful to emigrate to America, where we might be able to obtain honest employment, which I am sorry to say we cannot obtain here in England; many of us not having acquired a trade, we are necessarily forced to try to get our living by selling things in the streets; which, through our previous unacquaintance with that mode of getting a livelihood, is at present a very precarious, and by no means profitable subsistence for us. But we do hope that many more of the gang, before long, will be induced, by our example and the mercy of God, to forsake their evil ways.

SCENES IN A SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY,

CONTAINING EXTRACTS FROM A TEACHER'S DIARY.

"As a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke."

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

THE education of the poorest classes must include something more than mere ability to read and write. Important though these branches are, they will never enable a poor man to earn his living honestly, nor teach a vagrant boy proper habits of industry. Idleness is very often the parent of crime as well as ignorance; and thousands are spending their days in idleness in the streets of London, merely because they have been allowed to grow up unaccustomed to regular employment, much less to any particular *branch* of industrial labour. The youth, who alternately spends his time in sweeping crossings, holding horses, selling oranges, begging and thieving, is not likely to become an industrious or respectable man, when he arrives at the years of maturity. The spring-time of life spent in such a manner, must be followed by a cheerless, unproductive harvest. And hence the multitudes of idlers swarming in our alleys and lanes, starving and festering in their own corruption, and giving birth (for they do not rear them) to a numerous progeny, who will only inherit their parents' vices and miseries, and become the inmates of our workhouses and prisons. They have no employment, for they have never been *taught* to work; and even when necessity or suffering has compelled them to attempt it, they have appeared "as bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke." Hence the necessity of Industrial Classes being formed in connection with every Ragged School. This would speedily be accomplished in almost every case, had the local parties sufficient funds at command to justify the undertaking. Where such attempts have been made, even with limited means, the beneficial effects upon the children have been most satisfactory.

The following extracts are from the superintendent's diary of King's Cross Schools. The results must be gratifying to every reader. We may as well state that the employment was horse-hair picking, wool-combing, and cutting fire-wood; the latter has been found most suitable and permanent work, affording active employment for the boys, and not requiring so great nicety of operation. They are provided with dinner every day, and receive a portion of money at the end of each week, according to the work done.

June 25th, 1849.—The Industrial School was opened this morning at half-past 9 o'clock, for the employment of six boys, selected from the Ragged School, the sub-committee being present. A portion of Scripture was read, and prayer was offered for a blessing upon the feeble undertaking, that the boys being trained to habits of industry in the fear of God might become useful members of society,

and taught to fear and serve him. The boys selected were of the most destitute and depraved sort, totally unaccustomed to work, and entirely without concern for their temporal or spiritual welfare, and it was no easy task to make them attend to any order or do any work. The day was chiefly spent in making preparations, with some fruitless attempts at work.

June 26th.—Opened with prayer. Disorderly and no control. Little work done.

June 27th.—No order, but complete confusion; little work done this day. Dancing, singing songs, and their street-cries, throughout the whole day. I was at my wits' end to know what to do with them.

June 28th.—A little better order until after dinner, when they would not work at all. Laid themselves down on their work, and I was compelled to use force to get them up. They told me they would not come any more.

June 29th.—All the boys came again. Disorderly, but promised to behave better, which they did for an hour, when they began to sing, then to fight, and, in short, all that is bad and depraved. Again I was compelled to use force to restore order, and declared that if there was no order there should be no dinner; this had the desired effect. When all was quiet, I talked and reasoned with them calmly, and we got on very well to dinner-time. When they returned they were as bad as ever, but after a while they began to do some work.

June 30th.—Better order. Being Saturday, they began to talk about what money they should receive, and estimated it at no little rate. More work was done this day than the whole week before. After dinner they received their money very thankfully, being informed that they had not earned even enough to pay for their dinners. Thus ended the first week—such a week as I had never before experienced; completely worn out, discouraged, and almost inclined to give it up.

July 7th.—Much better to day, and done more work; less noise. Appeared grateful for their wages. Closed the week with prayer and thanksgiving to God.

For the first four weeks little work could be done; the boys were most unruly and ungovernable. Not having been accustomed to work or regularity, they could ill bear the restraint and application to work for a whole day. When picking hair, they would for awhile amuse themselves by throwing it about, and it was with difficulty they could be taught to open it, and I had generally the whole to re-sort myself. At other times they would fall asleep, especially after dinner, and it was exceedingly difficult to keep them at work. When the wood-cutting was commenced we got on somewhat better, though for some time it was difficult to make them attend to that. The awkward manner of handling their tools, and the many mischievous tricks they played with them, rendered it often dangerous to themselves. At times they would sing their street-cries and immoral songs, etc., and their conversation was often accompanied with indecent language, swearing, and lying, etc., frequently quarrelling among themselves, and exhibiting every vicious disposition.

"By the blessing of God upon the efforts to reclaim them, they may now be heard singing hymns, learnt at the Sunday and Evening Schools. Instead of lying and swearing, they have agreed among themselves to pay a fine of one half-penny for every lie or oath uttered. Instead of coming to the dinner-table like savages, they now sing grace before and after meat, and behave in the most orderly manner. At prayers they are now quiet, attentive, and solemnized, instead of laughing, mocking, and making noises, being taught that the eyes of God are especially upon them. During my absence one day lately, on account of illness, the occupier of the adjoining house informed me she was greatly surprised to hear them engaged in singing and prayer, at the opening and close of work, in the most devout and orderly manner. They are now very attentive and obedient to the rules, and much more diligent and industrious at their work. They attend regularly at public worship, and often speak to each other of what they hear. I cannot but thank God for the evidence of some good."

By this it will be seen that the work, very humbly begun, and hitherto inefficiently carried on, has not been entirely fruitless; but that a measure of success has attended it, equal to the limited extent of the means used, and to the reasonable expectations of its most sanguine supporters.

The number of boys received into this department since its commencement is eleven. Two left soon, not liking the discipline, saying that they could get more money at their former occupations of foraging old buildings, sweeping streets, etc., and alleging their father's ill-treatment for not taking home more money. One left at the end of two months, enticed by some young men to accompany them on a tour of nigger-dancing, and was lately heard of at Birmingham and Liverpool. One has been discharged as incorrigible, for idleness and continual disregard to orders, in the hope that this *dernier resort* would operate beneficially. And one has obtained a situation, his improved habits and good conduct having gained a recommendation. Their places have been supplied by others, and there are now six boys in this school who are manifesting signs of improvement.

Hitherto its usefulness has been much impeded by want of sufficient funds to carry it on efficiently, and considerable additional expense has devolved upon the committee on that account, by the loss of labour and productiveness. The principal difficulties, incident to a new undertaking, have already been overcome, and the institution is now in a fair way for fulfilling the purpose for which it has been established.

THE CRIMINALITY OF THE METROPOLIS.

Two interesting documents have very recently appeared, bearing on the criminal condition of London and its suburbs. The Metropolitan Police Commissioners give us forty-seven pages of statistical information, in which they show the number of persons taken into custody during 1849; their ages, sex, and offences; the cases discharged, summarily disposed of, held to bail or committed for trial; the result of the committals; the degree of instruction of all who were apprehended; and a variety of comparative tables, showing the state of crime in London for several years past, as contrasted with its present state.

The other document is a short report from Mr. Daniel W. Harvey, the Commissioner of City Police. He reviews the past and present condition of the City, and declares that there is "a marked improvement in the condition and conduct of the people." In 1841, nearly 8,000 persons were taken into custody by the City police; in 1849, the arrests numbered only 5,100. In 1841, £9,000 was reported to be the value of the property stolen; in 1849, the amount had decreased to £4,406. Mr. Harvey urges that this is strong evidence of the improved and improving habits of the people, whose conduct comes more especially within the cognizance of the police.

From the returns of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners, the same inferences might not, at first sight, be drawn. The number of persons taken into custody during 1849 exhibits a marked increase over the arrests for 1847 and 1848; 62,100 were arrested in 1847, 64,500 in 1848, and 70,600 in 1849. Upon the face of it, this account tells disadvantageously. But when we come to look into it, we find that although the number of arrests had so greatly increased, the number of committals for trial had undergone a marked diminution; 5,900 persons were committed in 1847, 5,500 in 1848, and only 4,500 in 1849. The number of convictions, also, was 4,500 in 1847, 4,300 in 1848, and only 3,600 in 1849. So that it is evident that the arrests made by the Metropolitan police are, for the most part, for very petty offences; indeed, we find that, out of the 70,600 persons taken into custody, 34,700, or more than a half, were discharged by the magistrates, and nearly 32,000 were held to bail or summarily dealt with. Out of the 70,600 arrests, therefore, nearly 67,000 were on paltry charges.

"Drunkenness" constitutes a fourth part of the "crime" of the Metropolis. Out of the 50,600 persons taken into custody, more than 21,000 were arrested as "drunk," or "drunk and disorderly." We appear also to be a very pugnacious people. More than 8,000 arrests were made for "assaults," of which number, it

should be observed, that no less than 3,000 were "assaults on the police." 6,500 persons were taken into custody as "vagrants," and 3,200 more as "suspicious characters;" 5,200 as "disorderly," and 2,400 as "prostitutes." Here are nearly 50,000 charges for offences against public order rather than against the law. And this may account, to a great extent, for the inefficiency of the police in the more delicate and important duties of their office. They are street-keepers, not Bow Street runners; preservers of the peace, not detectors of great crimes. * *

The number of summary convictions by magistrates amounted in the year last past to 31,343. Of these, 16,000 offenders were fined, whilst somewhere about 12,000 were imprisoned for terms varying from seven days to three months. Of those who were thus committed to jail, the largest numbers were arrested for assaults on the police, for acts of vagrancy, and as suspicious characters. We are glad of this opportunity of expressing an opinion very adverse to short committals, and especially for these offences. This is the way our thieves are made. Some poor creature, wandering about in a state of distress, is arrested by the police as a vagrant, or as a "very suspicious character," and is sent for a month or six weeks to board and lodge at the national expense. In prison he is obliged to mingle with a criminal class steeped in depravity and vice, and by the time he leaves he has come to think that thieving is no such great crime after all. A remarkable instance in point is given in the last report of the chaplain of Giltspur Street Compter.—*Daily News.*

The Reaper's Corner.

"THE POOR MAN'S HOUSE REPAIRED."

SEVERAL small books of this title, with others, were given a few months since to the teacher of a Ragged School, for her destitute and neglected little scholars. She read them before giving them away, and having a general knowledge of the condition of the families of her children, distributed them with care and judgment. A book was given to one to take home to her poor drunken father. He was asked to read it, but he only gave a vacant laugh, and said it was not intended for him, and continued his debasing and soul-destroying habit. The child persevered, and the father at last was induced to read it. The tale being short, interesting, and somewhat picturing out his own condition, he was led to read it again and again. The sufferings of a drunkard's family, and the comforts of the reclaimed drunkard's home, passed in review before his mind. It was not long before he gave a self-application to the lesson. The greatness of the contrast seemed to be producing a doubt in his mind of his power to effect so great, so desirable a change, when his children's happy and light-hearted school song came tuning in his ear—

"All that other folks can do,
Why with patience should not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try, try, try again."

He felt encouraged, and rose determined to put the rule to practice, and "try" what he could do. He held firm his resolution, and the happy effects were so felt, that at Christmas last the child came running to the teacher, with joy beaming in her eyes, saying, "Father has not got drunk since he read that little book you gave me." "*We were afraid of him once, but we are not now.*" Clothes have been bought for one girl, who is now in service; she has kept her place for three months, and given satisfaction. A lesser sister continues at the Ragged School,

but more regularly than formerly—not so hungry, and better clad. She has attended no other school, and yet can read, write, and work tolerably well. She improves herself, and adds to her little stock of knowledge by going, of her own accord, of an evening to read to a poor blind neighbour. The father is more industrious; brings home his wages, and reads to his family. The mother is busy all day in cleaning, mending, and making. One girl is doing well at service; the other is preparing in the Ragged School for a useful life, which by it she has already commenced. The foundation of domestic happiness is thus laid, and it is hoped that the superstructure will be so reared, that each beholding it will exclaim—

"Oh! to grace how great a debtor," etc.

Literary Notices.

The Reformation in Spain. London: W. F. Ramsay, Brompton.

This forms the second volume of "The Shilling Library," and is highly deserving a place in that interesting and useful series. The graphic descriptions and variety of incidents connected with the history of that unhappy country, render it an interesting and valuable addition to our juvenile literature.

The Heavenly Home. By THOMAS WALLACE. London: W. F. Ramsay.

A beautiful and appropriate sequel to "The Happy Family," which formed the first volume of this series. Those who live in the enjoyment of "a good hope through grace," will peruse every page of it with delight. It abounds with beautiful and elevated views of that "land of peace and rest;" all Scriptural, experimental, and invigorating. In its healthful pages, believers of all ages, circumstances, and experiences, will find much that is refreshing and profitable.

Wright's Biographical Gems. J. Wright, Steam-press, Bristol, and Houlston and Stoneman, London.

A beautiful series of short and well-written memoirs of eminent persons, adapted for the young. We sincerely trust, that by an extensive circulation they may take the place of some of the useless tales and romances with which our juvenile literature too much abounds.

Covenant Hymns. H. G. Collins, Paternoster Row.

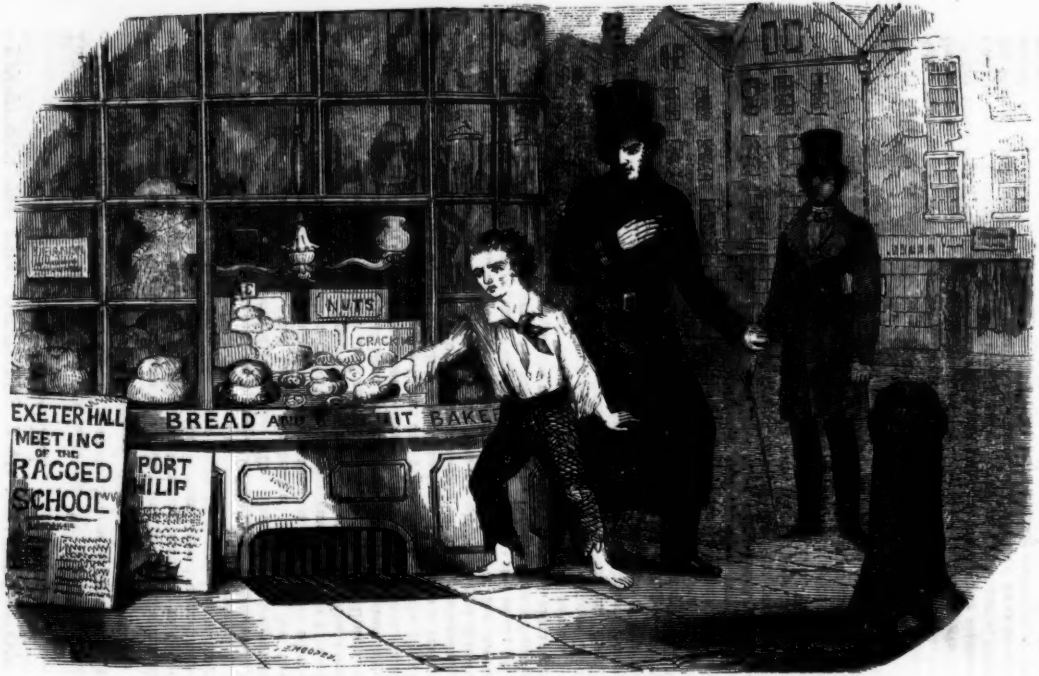
A selection of the most truly devotional and heart-stirring hymns now in use.

The Bible Story Book—Third and Fourth Series. By the Rev. B. H. DRAPER, D.D. London: G. Berger.

We have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the merits of this excellent little work. It forms a collection of Scripture histories, written in a style, simple, earnest, and attractive, eminently calculated to inform the mind and influence the heart. It is beautifully got up, and interspersed with a number of very instructive and appropriate illustrations.

Durnell's Series of Copy Books. National School Society's Depôt, Westminster.

This Series of Copy Books are so arranged, that the learner may be supplied with exercises suited to his progress. Those who have neglected this part of their education, and whose time, or other circumstances, may prevent them from obtaining the instructions of a master, and who are still anxious to acquire the art of writing, may derive much help from using Mr. Durnell's Series of Copy Books, as may be expected from the care and very superior manner in which they are got up. We fear they are too expensive to be extensively used in Ragged Schools.



SCENES IN THE HISTORY OF A RAGGED BOY.—No. II.—The First Theft.

LECTURES TO THE OFFICERS AND TEACHERS OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THE Fourth Lecture of this Series was delivered by Mr. WILLIAM LOCKE. SUBJECT—*General View of Ragged School Operations in London, and other Large Towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland.*

PREVIOUS addresses showed the fearful state of London, in a moral and spiritual point of view, and the necessity for powerful counteracting agencies, in opposition to the many causes at work for increasing this immorality and ungodliness. Ragged Schools were one of those agencies. They might be regarded as to their *nature* and *origin*—their *necessity*—their *objects*—their *operations* and *results*.

1st. As to their *Origin*. They were the offspring of Christian zeal, chiefly among Sunday School Teachers and City Missionaries. The first school designated "Ragged," that he knew of, was Field Lane. He believed it was the first the *Times* newspaper ever had an advertisement from under that title, which advertisement first caught the eye and attention of Lord Ashley, since so active a friend to Ragged Schools. It was Mr. Robert Starey who first conferred with Lord Ashley on the subject, and assisted in forming the Ragged School Union in 1844. No doubt many other schools existed for the same class many years ago. One mentioned by Mr. Wilson, in Duck Lane, Westminster, and elsewhere. The room-full of children from the streets, gathered in by Mr. Raikes, in the city of Gloucester, when he gave a woman a shilling a week to teach them, was in reality a Ragged School. The crowd of boys round honest John Pounds, at Portsmouth, where he bribed them with a hot potatoe to come, was in reality a Ragged School. The thirty or forty poor, homeless, neglected children, gathered out of the streets by Mrs. Fletcher, at Laytonstow, and taught and fed by her, was the same; and many before that time. The Fragment Schools, begun by the Southwark Sunday School Society fifty years ago, where, in the most destitute districts, children were gathered together from the very lowest orders, were essentially Ragged Schools.

The Society which originated many such efforts was founded so early as 1750, and called "The Society for Promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor." Its constitution was similar to that of the City Mission and Ragged School Union, one rule being, "That the members shall be selected *from Christians of various denominations*." It was joined by the learned Bishop Porteus, the saintly Romaine, the venerable John Newton, the philanthropic Thornton, the benevolent Wilberforce, and the apostolic Rowland Hill: all, it is said, "joining in the common cause—the glory of God, the good of their country, and the happiness of their fellow creatures." From this Society sprang the London Missionary Society, the Religious Tract Society, the Bible Society, and the London Sunday Schools. Then was recognised the necessity of lay agency, so needful in the present day, and the advantage of societies having an unsectarian basis. Thus the principles and character of Ragged Schools were not new, but the Ragged School Union systematized them, and greatly enlarged their operations. The minds of men were drawn to the subject, not only throughout this country, but in other lands. The schools in London were increased, in five years, from twelve or fifteen to eighty-two, and teachers and children in proportion; a large amount of Christian zeal called forth, and many pleasing results obtained.

2nd. As to the *Necessity* for Ragged Schools. That is well known to Ragged School teachers. The vice of London in its masses—the labour market overstocked—the misery and vice that usually followed in the train of wealth—the drinking habits of the lower orders—that extreme poverty of the poor, which is their destruction, by leading them to theft and all kinds of vice—the absence of all useful training amongst children of the poor—the roving, unsettled habits of parents—the scarcity of Evening Schools, National and British; schools being not only too fine for rags and filth, but seldom open at the time that the ragged class can attend. Thus there are many fragments Ragged Schools gather in, and try to lift them up one step. Thus the *Object* is simple—to gather in from the streets, where the devil

keeps a school for thieves and vagabonds—to give some notion of duties to God and man, through Bible instruction—to discipline and win over to good by kindliness and Christian sympathy—to give some idea of self-dependence, honesty, and industry—not to injure existing institutions, but to supply and strengthen them—not to take pupils from National and British Schools, but to prepare scholars for them—not to relieve the workhouse, except by diminishing the poverty and misery that it ought to relieve—not to keep children for ever in rags, and really paupers, but to raise to a better condition, and get rid of as soon as possible. Thus God's word is the guide and grand aim. To convince of sin, and bring to Christ many neglected children, who are living in heathen darkness at our very doors, is the great object of Ragged Schools.

But, it is asked, can we do any good to poor, starving, ragged objects, without relieving first their bodily wants? We may; but let us try also to improve their temporal condition, by industrial teaching, feeding the necessitous, and clothing the naked, provided we can do so without losing sight of our original object. The Scotch Ragged Schools, and most of our provincial ones, are Industrial Schools, giving food; and also those in Dublin and Belfast. The schools at Aberdeen, Dundee, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Newcastle, Hull, York, and Manchester, are all industrial, with food. Here arises a question for serious consideration. If food be given, should not the parish help to pay for it? It is done in some places, why not in all? If such schools are—as they, no doubt, are—a public good, why should not the public pay for it as a public, and not merely those benevolent and liberal individuals who now support our efforts, and who support so many other charities besides? The energetic Sheriff Watson is now trying this in Aberdeen; and if he succeed, other places will doubtless follow. Of course, those who feed should work, and so reduce expenses, as is now done at Aberdeen, Liverpool, Manchester, Hull, and Belfast. But very young children cannot do much work that is profitable, therefore such schools cannot very well take in very young children, and children under twelve in these cannot do much; and yet some, as at Glasgow, take them as young as six years. Some say, "Every Ragged School should have its Industrial Classes." If it can, so it may, but we rather need a separate building, in certain localities or districts, where various trades could be taught; several schools combining to pay teachers, etc., and sending scholars according to the amount contributed. In these might be taught turning, carpentery, toy making, mat making, net making, etc. Thus many things may be added to Bible instruction; but should never be done if it frustrate that—always with a view to forward and encourage it.

Now for *Operations and Results*.—These have already been touched upon. The Fifth Report contains some—the Emigrants' Letters show more. Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary, said in the House of Commons, that "the formation of Ragged Schools has been the means of doing great good in this and other lands too; he desired to see them much increased." An article in the City Mission Magazine, March, 1849, showed a diminution of crime since such agencies came into full operation amongst the young. The Governor of Edinburgh Jail states this distinctly as regards Edinburgh, and so does Sheriff Watson as to Aberdeen. But let us now glance at the Provincial Schools.

At Liverpool there is now a Ragged School Union, and about fifteen schools in connection with it. About 2,487 children attend these schools. One of these is an Industrial School, where 100 children are fed and taught industrial pursuits daily; it is in Soho Street. The earnings of the children already amount to £1 a week. Here, as in most Ragged Schools, there is a constant struggle for the necessary funds.

At Manchester there is a Refuge, or Industrial School, going on well, and attended by about ninety children daily. It is in Nelson Street, New Blakeley Street. The children make clogs, bags of canvas for the grocers, sort bristles, tease hair, etc. A good many are Roman Catholics, but do not object to Bible teaching. The profit on the work is now about £1 a week; the annual expenses are about £500, and at last Annual Meeting there was a balance in hand of £50 only.

At York there is an Industrial Feeding School, begun in 1847; about eighty

attend. The boys, in spring and summer, are taken to a field to dig, plant potatoes, etc., for two or three hours a day. The annual expense is about £350. They have just bought the old workhouse, and will, if liberally supported, extend their operations. The Rev. S. Watkins, Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools, visited the school, and expressed himself pleased with its unpretending but useful character. The clergy of York generally patronise it.

At Birmingham there is a large Industrial Ragged School, where children are fed. They have just erected a fine building, and had a considerable grant from Government towards it. They are like most Ragged Schools, short of funds.

At Nottingham there is an Evening Ragged School, founded by Mr. Robert Starey, (already named,) resident there. He has about £100 in hand, chiefly given by one gentleman, and will probably soon extend the school.

At Bristol there are several schools; some giving food and industrial training. There are at least 500 children (as stated by Lord Teignmouth, at a late Annual Meeting) in the schools; and this number, but for a strict domiciliary visitation among parents, would soon be much increased by the admission of unsuitable objects. They have three hours' mental instruction, and six hours' industrial teaching daily. The latter about pays its expenses already.

At Hull they have a good Industrial School, lately started, where trades are taught, and food given daily. Mats and nets are made. Here, as elsewhere, they have no settled plan or opportunity for getting rid of the children when educated.

There are also Ragged Schools at Newcastle, Sunderland, Brighton, Gosport, and elsewhere.

At Leeds there is an excellent school for pauper children, where industrial instruction is given, girls taught household work, etc.—altogether like a good Ragged Industrial School; and when we see that, we ask why, if the parish are improving these schools now, should they not be called upon to do the work of Ragged Schools more in all parishes? This again brings us to the question, why should Industrial Ragged Schools, where food is given, not be parochial or national institutions, supported by a rate or tax?

The *Times* paper said, three or four years ago, "Any one who chooses to give a few days' inquiry into the condition of the working classes in this metropolis, may satisfy himself of the great fact, that they are in a degraded, unhealthy, uncomfortable condition—unworthy of our country and our religion. They will not, and, indeed, they cannot rescue themselves from this state; nor will the spontaneous kindness of private men and societies do more than very partial good; it must be the public business."

The question is put, Why not every parish have its Industrial Ragged School? But we are aware much difference of opinion exists on this subject. In Scotland, all the Industrial Schools give food. Those at Aberdeen are well known. There the parish, it is hoped, will assist, as funds are short, and the Committee "in all the agony of ways and means." One of them remarks, "I don't see we can carry on much longer on the voluntary principle."

The schools at Perth were lately noticed in the Magazine. Those at Edinburgh consist of the Original Ragged Industrial Schools and the "United" ditto; the latter giving an hour's instruction daily to the Catholic children from the Douay Bible, the former clinging to the authorised version. His Grace the Duke of Argyle, at the late important meeting at Edinburgh, said he held it now to be an established truth, that it was one of the most immediate and sacred duties which we owed to God and our fellow man, to support and extend the system of Ragged Schools. He said, two great difficulties met us in Ragged Schools; that is, to keep to the class of children for whom Ragged Schools were intended, and then to know what to do with the children when improved—how to get in and how to get out the children.

At Glasgow there is a large Industrial School, with above three hundred children. There they took them in as young as six. The police assisted in finding proper objects, and some parishes paid 1*s.* 6*d.* a week for each child. A clothes bag was sent round, left at each house for a night, and seldom returned empty.

At Dumfries an important school was lately begun, and also at Dublin and

Belfast. The latter gave food, and the children made mats and rugs. They had six looms, erected by a blind man, (who directed all the mat making,) and intended shortly to increase the number to twenty looms. This school is soon expected to be self-supporting. It is situated in Ballymacanet.

In Dublin the Ragged School is held near the Old Savings Bank, Church Street; bought first by Messrs. Guinness, and other kind friends. The Day School numbers about one hundred and eighty; the Sunday School about four hundred. Here the Bible in its purity is taught; and though the Catholic priests assailed the little school with all their might for a time, it now seems free from molestation, and continues to scatter the good seed in many a forlorn and broken heart in that benighted locality.

Correspondence.

THE following Letter,* which was sent to Lord Ashley, contains a suggestion at least worth considering. The probability of success might be best ascertained from the experience of those who have tried the plan on behalf of other institutions:—

MY LORD,—Will you allow me to suggest to you a plan, by which I cannot help thinking a much larger amount of contributions might be gained for the Ragged Schools, and other attempts to benefit the poor and destitute, than by paying money into the hands of bankers, etc.; because those who are willing to give, but can only afford small sums (say 2*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.*, or 6*d.*,) would not like to trouble any one to receive such a trifle. My idea, therefore, is, that in some of the principal streets of London, one *respectable* shopkeeper should be requested to take charge of and affix at his door a receptacle for money, with an open space like that of a Post Office, and inscribed, "For Contributions to the Ragged Schools and Relief of the Destitute," or any other that might be thought preferable. The fierce republicans of Paris adopted this plan to obtain relief for those of their number wounded during their sanguinary outbreak, and surely we need not blush at using these means to assist our suffering fellow-creatures, and who bear *their* sufferings with patience. One way to make this answer would be to placard the walls with large notices, appealing to the public; and I should think few among the well-dressed persons constantly passing through the streets would fail to contribute some small sum for so good a purpose, and thus large proceeds would arise, without any one being much the poorer for his kindness. If you, my Lord, would advocate this plan, so that the right disposal of the money would be insured, I doubt not the effect.

Hoping most earnestly that you will not dismiss this idea as unsuitable or unlikely to succeed,

I am, my Lord, your obedient Servant,

NAMELESS.

[Because my name would neither help nor hinder the good cause I plead for.]

A CHRISTIAN should never say "he has *nothing* to do." It was not for nothing that we were called out of nothing, and if we hide our talents in the earth, we shall lose our treasure in heaven.—*Mason.*

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* For another Letter on the same subject see Second Page of Wrapper.

The Children's Gallery.

ONLY ONE BRICK UPON ANOTHER.

EDWIN was looking at a large brick building, which they were putting up just opposite to his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order.

His father said to him, "My son, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers; pray, what might you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No, father," said Edwin, smiling; "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by laying one brick upon another."

"Very true, my son. Never forget it. Just so it is in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world, it would just be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment upon another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean.

"Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discouraged by great labours. The greatest labour becomes easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember, that the whole of yonder edifice is only one brick on another."—*Christian Treasury.*

SIMPLE SIMILES.

SOMETIMES we with people meet,
Picking rags up in the street,
Which, when to the mill convey'd,
Nice white paper there are made.

On it letters may be writ,
Lines of counsel, thoughts of wit,
Words of wisdom deep engrav'd,—
Wisdom by which souls are sav'd.

So the ragged children found
In the courts and lanes around,
Through instruction's process pass'd,
Royal paper prove at last.

On it zealous teachers may
Truths impress, from day to day:
And the God who reigns above,
Writes his own bright name of LOVE.

J. P.

Intelligence.

FIELD LANE RAGGED SCHOOL.

THE Eighth Annual Meeting of the supporters of this institution took place in the School Room, West Street, on May 2nd, and was very numerously attended. Lord Ashley, M.P., in the Chair.

The Meeting having been opened with Prayer and a Hymn, the Chairman said it gave him great pleasure to see so large and respectable an assemblage collected on that occasion, because it was a proof that their faith in the benefit of Ragged Schools was unshaken; and though they had been undoubtedly vigorously attacked, they would be as vigorously defended. He doubted not the majority of them had read the attacks made on Ragged Schools, and he also doubted not that these attacks as little annoyed or disturbed them as they did himself. (Hear.) However, he hoped they would draw renewed courage from the allegations, with increased determination to pursue the good work, for though the attacks had been made with ability, yet they substantiated little. (Hear, hear.) He thought not one allegation had been substantiated. (Hear, hear.) They had been tried by a merciless standard—the standard of

perfection, which, if set up in general, no human institution could stand an hour against. (Hear, hear.) But when they considered the great difficulties with which they had to contend, and the means at their disposal to meet and contend with these difficulties, he thought that when reviewing the past, instead of being downhearted, they ought, on the contrary, to thank God and take courage. (Hear, hear.) If they contrasted the present position of the Ragged School system with what it had been two years since, would not the result be most satisfactory, as proved by the increased number of schools? And if they did not give credit to the statements contained in the reports, they could go and ascertain by personal observation. To be sure, in the lanes and alleys they had immense difficulties confronting them; and in some instances it was no wonder if the practice and example of the parents and children residing in these wretched abodes should overcome the precepts they learned during their brief attendance at the Ragged Schools. (Hear, hear.) But if out of every hundred they succeeded in reclaiming only ten, ought they not to rejoice at being called by the Almighty to the performance of so glorious an undertaking? (Hear.) The system of Ragged Schools had been objected to, and some few instances of juvenile depravity mentioned as arising from them; but would any person assert that it was worse to bring children together for the purpose of being instructed in religion and morality, than to permit them to roam the streets uncared-for, and subject to the very worst advice and example? (Hear, hear.) The principle of these schools was to disseminate the Word of God, and, therefore, every Christian man was bound to aid in the good work. (Hear, hear.) The opponents of the system claimed a thousand times more for it than did its warmest advocates — they claimed perfection; and when they discovered one or two failures, they levelled their opposition at the institution altogether. They were bound to set forth that in which they had succeeded, leaving to others to mention that in which they had failed; and they did not fear the contrast. (Hear, hear.) They never asserted that these Ragged Schools would be productive of permanent good unless in connection with industrial employment, or a system of emigration. (Hear, hear.) On the contrary, they were aware that unless they removed them from the contamination of previous influences, they could effect but little. (Hear.) He (the Chairman) had been assured by the governor of Parkhurst Prison, that the constant prayer of the offenders at the expiration of their confinement in that prison, was that they should not be sent back again to their former associates and localities, because they would not be able to resist the influences to which they were certain to be exposed. (Hear, hear.) The advocates of the system had many difficulties to contend with, but nevertheless he implored them to go forward, and gather strength by every defeat. (Hear, hear.) But in such a cause there could be no defeat; these occasional failures were merely trials of faith and patience, and they should eventually succeed in accomplishing the good work. (Hear, hear.)

The Hon. Secretary then read the Report, which showed the school to be in a highly prosperous condition. Since August, 1848, 726 children have been admitted to the Day School; 320 during the past year. Several have gone to superior schools, and many have procured situations. In both regular attendance and order there is an improvement. Industrial classes for tailoring and shoemaking have been formed during the year, which are progressing satisfactorily. Their work is becoming of some value. The two classes repair each other's things free of expense; the children of the school are charged the cost price of the raw material, for doing which the lads receive from the Committee a small gratuity. There has been formed, and it is now flourishing, a women's sewing class, which is well attended, for cutting-out and sewing. The women's class has increased fourfold. The attendance in the male adult class has varied; its interest and its influence is daily increasing. The youths of the Dormitory cut up and disposed of 20,000 bundles of fire-wood since August last. During the year 320 children have subscribed in part for clothing; 664 articles have also been given away. Nine youths have emigrated since March, 1849, from several of whom most interesting letters have been received, detailing their success.

and prosperity, and strongly urging upon their companions to follow their example. The Bible Classes continue to excite continued interest. Several decided cases of usefulness have occurred during the year. The average attendance of Bible, Evening, and Day Schools is about 700 weekly. The financial department continues flourishing: the amount received during the year, £509; expenditure, £475; leaving a balance of £34 in its favour. The work is carried on by one paid teacher for the Day School, one for the Infant Class, one paid evening master, and forty-five voluntary teachers.

J. A. Smith, Esq., M.P., moved the adoption and circulation of the Report, and stated that the attacks made on the Ragged Schools in a certain newspaper induced him to come and judge for himself, which he did on a Sunday evening, unknown to every person in the room; and he was then happy to have that opportunity of saying, that a more touching or edifying spectacle he never before witnessed. (Hear.) He congratulated the Noble Lord in the Chair on the leading part he had taken in establishing those useful and truly Christian institutions. (Hear, hear.)

The Rev. Dr. Bennett seconded the adoption and circulation of the Report, which was then carried.

The Meeting was afterwards addressed by the Rev. F. Rogers, (of Tothill Fields Prison,) the Rev. John Weir, Mr. Cowan, M.P., the Rev. Mr. Smith, (Parkhurst Prison,) and Joseph Payne, Esq.

Mr. Deputy Bedford moved a vote of thanks to Lord Ashley, which being seconded by the Rev. Mr. Whittington, and carried, his Lordship returned his acknowledgments. A Collection was then made, which, with some private donations, was said to amount to £40. The Meeting then closed with a Prayer and a Hymn.

STOKE NEWINGTON RAGGED SCHOOL.

THE First Public Meeting in connection with this School was held at the Manor Rooms, Church Street, Stoke Newington, on Wednesday Evening, May 22nd. The Chair was taken at seven o'clock, by the Right Hon. Lord Ashley, M.P. The room was crowded from the commencement of the proceedings, at least four hundred persons being present. After Prayer by the Rev. John Jefferson, the Noble Chairman earnestly impressed on the Meeting the individual responsibility of all present in regard to the claims of the destitute juvenile poor.

The Report, which was read by Mr. Joseph Beck, stated that the school for elder boys, held three evenings in the week under a paid master, afforded pleasing evidence of improvement. The average attendance is twenty-five, and the general conduct of the scholars is on the whole satisfactory. A lending library has been established, and out of fifty-eight books lent by one teacher alone during the past year, only two have not been returned. The Girls' School, held till January last, under the superintendence of some of the Ladies of the Committee, has undergone considerable change. From the increased amount of support received, the Committee have felt justified in establishing a permanent Week Day Ragged School for boys and girls, under a paid teacher. This was much needed in the neighbourhood, as a large proportion of the children who attend the Sunday Ragged School are destitute of any instruction during the week. The average daily attendance is forty-eight, though from the wandering habits of the class for whom the school is intended, the numbers vary considerably. A Sunday School, in connection with the Ragged School, is also in constant operation. The numbers average sixty in the afternoon and ninety in the evening. A clothing club for the children has also been established, with very beneficial results. The first Resolution was moved by James Foster, Esq., and seconded by Joseph Payne, Esq., in a telling speech, which he concluded with some verses composed for the occasion.

Lieut. Blackmore, of the Ragged School Union, moved the second Resolution, and proceeded to give some interesting particulars of the beneficial results and practical working of some of those Ragged Schools with which he was personally acquainted. This Resolution was seconded by R. J. Kitchener, Esq., and after a vote of thanks to the Noble Chairman had been proposed and seconded by Josiah Wilson and Isaac Sewell, Esqrs., and unanimously carried, the Meeting separated. The collection amounted to £25. 3*s*. 4*d*.